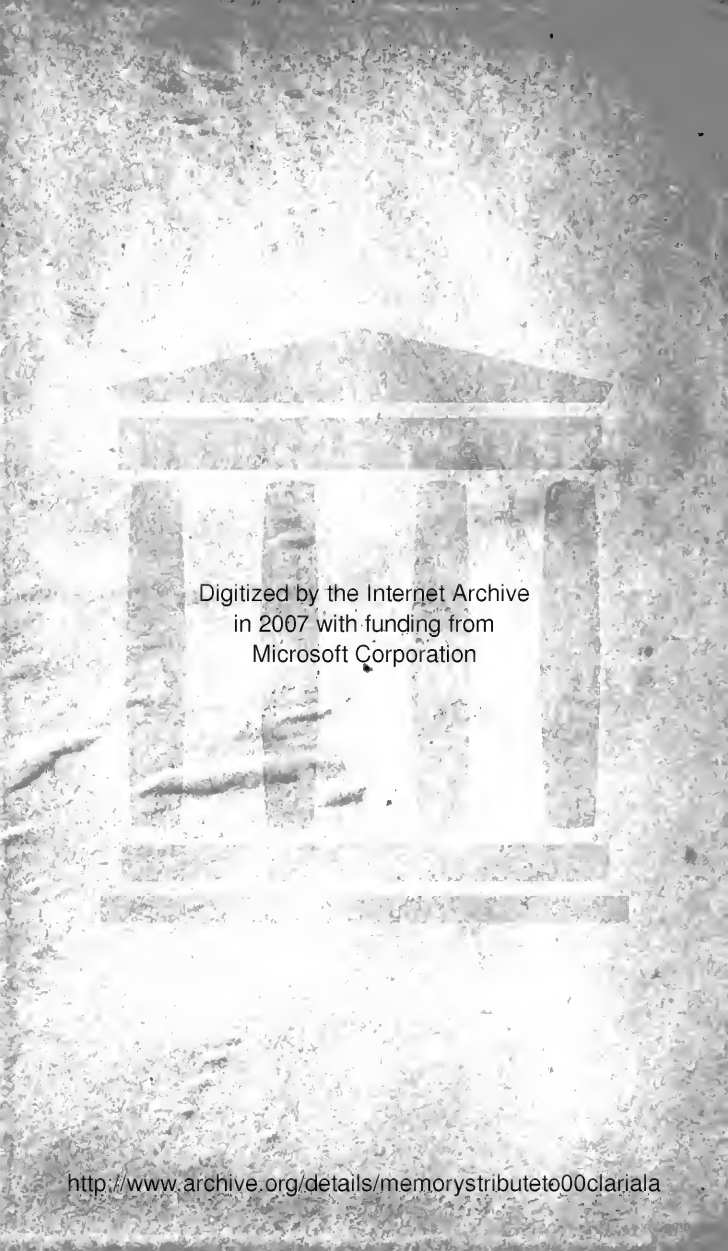


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THOMAS H. STOCKTON.



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MEMORY'S TRIBUTE

TO

The Life, Character and Work

OF THE

REV. THOS. H. STOCKTON.

Spoken in the First Methodist Church, Pittsburgh, Sabbath, October 25, 1868

BY

ALEXANDER CLARK, PASTOR,

FORMERLY ASSOCIATE PASTOR WITH THE DECEASED, IN PHILADELPHIA.

NEW YORK:

SAMUEL R. WELLS, No. 389 BROADWAY.

A. H. BASSETT,

METHODIST BOOK CONCERN, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO.

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SAMUEL R. WELLS,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States
for the Southern District of New York.

Pittsburgh, October 26, 1868.

Alexander Clark :

Dear Brother,—At the regular Weekly Meeting of the Pastors and other Preachers of the Methodist Church of this city and vicinity, this day, it was unanimously resolved, that you be requested to furnish for publication, in permanent form, your Sermon in tribute to the Life, Character and Work of the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, D. D., late Pastor of the Church of the New Testament, Philadelphia, and a member of the Pittsburgh Conference of the Methodist Church.

This request is made in the belief that such publication is called for by our affection for the deceased, and by his faithful relation to the cause of Reformatory Christianity as recognized by our churches.

Very truly,

Jas. B. Lucas, President.

Wm. Evans, Secretary, pro tem.

Pittsburgh, October 26, 1868.

Bro. Alexander Clark :

Dear Sir,—At a Special Meeting of the Board of Trustees of the First Methodist Church, Pittsburgh, Monday Evening, October 26, 1868, it was unanimously resolved that you be requested to furnish for publication, in neat and convenient style for preservation and future reference, your discourse commemorative of the Rev. Thomas H. Stockton (deceased), as delivered in our church yesterday afternoon.

Yours, sincerely,

Jas. I. Bennett, President.

Wm. Rinehart, Secretary.

To my Brethren, the Members of the Pittsburgh Methodist Preachers' Meeting, and the Trustees of the First Methodist Church, Respectively and Respectfully,—

Appreciating your courteous request, I submit my words, (as spoken in our church on Sabbath last), to the friendly people at large, hoping that their further publication may, in some humble degree, tend to perpetuate the memory of him whom we all loved so well.

Yours in Christ.

Alex. Clark.

Parsonage, October 27, 1868.



TO
WILLIAM STILES, M. D.,
OF PHILADELPHIA,
THE SKILLFUL, DEVOTED AND CHRISTIAN
Physician,
AND
BOSOM-FRIEND OF THE DECEASED;

AND TO
JAY COOKE, Esq.,
HIS APPRECIATIVE AND SYMPATHETIC
Neighbor,

This Little Memorial
IS AFFECTIONATELY DEDICATED

BY THE AUTHOR.



MEMORY'S TRIBUTE.

THE outline of an illustrious personage may be easily drawn. There are a few figures to arrange, as data of birth, childhood, schooldays, maturity and death ; and a few incidents to be grouped as characteristic, unique, and expressive of distinct individuality. The picture is to take form, feature, and color, as a prepared plate takes the image of an object before the camera. The life-likeness of a man of genius and grace, in its finer lines and meanings, must be the result of direct impress on the public eye and heart, not for a sunny moment, but for rounded and searching years. But a beautiful character is not duplicated or multiplied in its expressions to the world, as a print or photograph ; it is peculiar to every contemplator, according to his standpoint of observation and degree of culture.

The leading facts in the history of Thomas Hewlings Stockton are soon told. He was born in Mount Holly, Burlington County, N. J., June 4, 1808, the first of six children. His father, William S. Stockton, was an intelli-

gent and liberal-spirited layman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, afterward a prominent reformer in the organization of the Methodist Protestant Church, and until his dying day (November 20, 1860) an active and able advocate of the principles of lay representation, and of the right of private judgment in the interpretation of God's words to the world. The Bible and manhood were magnified in his faith, and by his words, his work, and his worship, until creed and caste were lost in the light of revelation—until equal brotherhood among all men, and the privilege of personal acknowledgment of the Lord Christ became the central themes of his great heart.

The germs of such truth, gathered from the inspired pages, and watered by early baptisms, were planted in the young soul of his son, to develop, in due time and order, into sweet and abundant fruition; and by him, again, as seeds by a tree when it falls, to be scattered broadcast by his death, as seed-thoughts which shall spring up in blooming promises among all denominations of Christian people; and, ultimately, across the broad world, to mature in thousand-fold harvests of good to men and glory to God.

The childhood years of this first-born son were spent in a peaceful and quiet home, amidst tenderest affections, care-fullest training, and the most refined social and Christian society. As he rose toward manhood, spare and tall and pale, he passed as much time as his frail physical frame would admit, in the best private schools and academies.

He learned almost by intuition; he was scholarly by nature; and through all his life he was an observing, a recording, and an applying student. He outgrew books, and roamed with delight in the regions above and beyond them. To him the Bible was of all books the first, the last, the best—the interpreter of all things else, and the exhaustless theme of his mind and heart. He writes, in his “Autobiographic Notes,” of his impressions when a slender lad of sixteen years; and this is his record: “I found the Bible full of both nature and society, earthly and heavenly, in all forms and changes, historic and prophetic. It was the opening not only of the world, but of the universe; with God, himself unseen, shining on it all with a light subtler than that of the sun, and touching my spirit with its rays wherever I turned. Skies, and seas, mountains and plains, lakes and torrents, cedars, palms and roses; lions and conies; eagles and turtle-doves; angels and men; kings, courts and kingdoms; armies and caravans; Eden’s garden and the city of the New Jerusalem; Calvary’s Cross and Creation’s Throne—these and an almost infinite series of things thus became familiar to me, with a spiritual beauty and holy solemnity cast over them all.”

At the age of eighteen he lost his beloved mother, and calls it the most memorable event of his life. I have often heard him refer, with tearful emotion, to the sad hour and place of her departure. In his later years, when his own

head was silvered over, and his step tottering and slow, he occasionally went alone to the old house on Front street, and asked the privilege of the stranger-occupants of spending an hour in the quiet upper room where last he saw the light of her loving eyes, and heard the low, sweet hallelujahs from her dying lips. Soon after his mother's death he was converted to God, no doubt in answer to parental prayers, and was admitted to membership in St. George's Methodist Episcopal Church, in Philadelphia.

He had now attained an age when he felt the responsibilities of earning a livelihood for himself, and tried various occupations, one of which he followed for a year and a half with great interest and industry—that of a compositor in a printing-office. A physical infirmity prevented continuance at printing, and he abandoned it reluctantly, and became a student of medicine, attending lectures for a considerable time at Jefferson College. But this profession never excited his sympathies nor engaged his powers.

In 1828, he was married to Anna Roe McCurdy, who was his appreciative and devoted companion until death removed her from his home, in the early autumn of 1865, an exultant Christian, matured for the kingdom.

One Sabbath afternoon in May, 1829, Thomas H. Stockton preached his first sermon in a rural district near Philadelphia. Soon after he delivered several discourses in near succession on the eastern shore of Maryland, all of which were remarkably effectual in their results.

This was about the time of the organization of the Methodist Protestant Church, of which his father was already an acting member, and whose distinctive principles he had promulgated for years in a periodical entitled *The Wesleyan Repository*, of which he was the founder and editor. As the economy of the new organization so well accorded with the views of the young preacher, he at once identified himself with the movement, and until his death maintained his ecclesiastical connection with this denomination.

The President of the Maryland Annual Conference—the Rev. Nicholas Snethen—while on a visit, that year, to the Philadelphia reformers, chanced to hear young Stockton preach, and immediately engaged him to take charge of a circuit on the “Eastern Shore.” Concerning this sudden and unexpected transition to the regular itinerant ranks, he says: “What was my preparation? None at all, in the ordinary professional sense. But, by nature, providence and grace; by home, school and church; by the Bible and the general range of English literature, so far as it came within my reach, and proved attractive, I had been made observant, thoughtful, reverent, and prayerful—had been awakened to a consciousness of at least seeming adaptation, with some impression of duty, some impulse of desire, and some effort in self-culture. Under the ministry of such men as Mervin, Summerfield, Bascom, Maffit, Cookman, and others, it was natural for me to look and

listen intently, not only with sensibility, but also synthetically and analytically, assuring myself pretty well of the plan and process of discussion, and deriving from the service and exercise more advantage, perhaps, than I then supposed. This, I believe, was all, or nearly all. Thus I became a preacher."

His circuit was a large one, geographically, sweeping through the counties of Talbot, Caroline, Queen Anne and Kent, and requiring a ride of some two hundred miles in filling one round of appointments. He preached, frequently, three times on the Sabbath, besides leading a class or two, occupying school-houses, court-houses and private dwellings, and, in summer-time, the leafy-frescoed temples of the forest.

In 1830, he was stationed in Baltimore, and the same year was elected editor of the Church paper, but declined, recommending his personal friend, Dr. Gamaliel Bailey, who was chosen, and who thus began his eventful editorial career. Dr. Bailey was afterward the proprietor of the *National Era*, a weekly paper of great talent and influence, published in Washington City. This journal had the honor of first printing Mrs. Stowe's great story, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," in serial form, a work which has done more to equalize human rights and free the nation, than any Theology ever written.

In 1831, Mr. Stockton was a general evangelist, or missionary at large, preaching to immense congregations in

various parts of the country, and proclaiming the liberties and honors of Christ's Gospel to all men, regardless of class, condition, or color.

During this year, he conceived the ideal of his two chief poems, "Man" and "Snow," and began their composition.

In 1832, he was again placed in charge of the circuit on the "Eastern Shore;" and the year following, stationed in Georgetown, in the District of Columbia, and elected Chaplain to Congress. In 1834, he was re-elected Chaplain, and in 1835 appointed traveling agent for the Methodist Protestant Book Concern in Baltimore, and visited the West in behalf of that enterprise. At the assembling of Congress, he was again elected Chaplain. The next year he was stationed in Baltimore. In 1837, he compiled a hymn-book for the denomination, in accordance with a commission by the General Conference. This was the first Methodist hymn-book to accredit hymns to their respective authors.

In 1838, he removed to Philadelphia, and resided there for the next nine years, during which time he organized the First Methodist Protestant Church in that city, and caused to be erected the beautiful church edifice which stands at the corner of Eleventh and Wood streets, and in which he ministered much of the time as the honored pastor until his death; and where, on Wednesday, Oct. 14, 1868, a large and loving multitude passed sorrowing beside his open coffin, to take the last fond glance at his familiar face.

From 1847 until 1850, he resided in Cincinnati, in charge of the Sixth Street Methodist Protestant Church, and organized the "Society of Brotherly Love." He resigned this charge to operate on a broader basis in the work of Church union, taking the Bible as the only rule of life and bond of fellowship. While in Cincinnati, he was unanimously elected President of Miami University, but declined the position, believing that he could do more good by preaching the Gospel from a higher than any literary or sectarian center, and by issuing the Bible in cheap periodical form to the common people. His plan has since been adopted by an eminent London publishing-house—the Bagsters—and the whole of the Scriptures have been published in separate volumes, of convenient size for the vest-pocket of the workman or traveler.

From 1850 until 1856, he resided in Baltimore, and was employed as pastor, for most of that time, of St. John's Methodist Protestant Church, and, also, in conjunction, of an Associate Reformed Presbyterian Church, his colleague being, in the former charge, the Rev. Augustus Webster, D.D., an intimate and confiding friend through many years.

From 1856 until 1868, Brother Stockton's home was in Philadelphia, where he occupied his time in various literary labors, and, as superintending pastor of the Church of the New Testament, worshiping, for a time, in a hall, and, at length, in the church at Eleventh and Wood streets.

This organization grew out of Methodist Protestant elements, and adopted the Bible Union plan of its pastor, and was recognized by all surrounding sects as a united, liberal, and harmonious brotherhood. Its members were affectionately attached to Brother Stockton, and clung to him, like children to a father, till the last, and have maintained their position among the churches as an efficient agency for saving men. Among other faithful workers in this apparently isolated, but really Christ-central band, might be named Mr. and Mrs. George F. Gordon, Dr. Stiles, Mr. and Mrs. Israel H. Walter, the Bates and Bishop families, and Thomas H. Stockton, Jr., the elder son of the pastor.

In 1862, Brother Stockton was again elected Chaplain to Congress, and, during this year, issued his more elaborate book of poems, which won the highest encomiums from the literary and religious Reviews. Much of his time, during the last few years of his life, was devoted to the subject of the mediation of Christ—the separateness of the Son of God; and the results of his meditations are embodied in manuscripts which will probably be published as a sequel to his work entitled, “The Peerless Magnificence of the Word of God,” which is now in press.

The principal publications from his pen, in addition to “The Christian World,” “The Book and Journal,” and “The Bible Times” (all of which were periodicals devoted to primitive and Scriptural Christianity), are “The Pastor’s Tribute,” a little volume in verse (1843); “Floating

Flowers from a Hidden Brook," poems (1844); "Something New," verse (1844); "The Bible Alliance" (1850); "Sermons for the People" (1854); "Stand Up for Jesus," and "The Blessing," small volumes, illustrated, for the young (1858); and his "Poems, with Autobiographic and other Notes" (1862).

These are some of the most prominent incidents and gatherings of his busy and consecrated life. Many interesting particulars intervene which might be related with pleasure and with profit to all; but in a single discourse, it is impossible to do more than sketch, crayon-like and in crude outline, the forms in the foreground of such a picturesque character as his.

In reviewing the history of this gifted and saintly man, the words of our Lord, spoken of John the Baptist, seem fitting as a text: "He was a burning and a shining light: and ye were willing for a season to walk in his light."

These words fell from lips that were too pure to utter a mere flattering compliment. The forerunner of Christ was greater than any patriarch, priest, or philosopher. He was preëminently the greatest among men. But, great and grand as he was, he was but the herald of a kingdom in which the least should be greater than he. It is a greater thing to be a lowly Christian, to-day, than to have been the last and the greatest of the Old Testament prophets, crying in the wilderness: "*Prepare ye the way of the Lord.*" The honors and rewards of the Gospel dispensation are in-

finitely sublimer than those of the old Hebrew covenant. The junior Elijah—the predicted and inspired reformer—the bugle-toned messenger, simple in mien, and poor, and strange—the last of Israel's race to declare the coming Christ—was a man “of like passions with ourselves;” but his lifted finger pointed out the visible Lamb of God *upon the earth and among the people*; and of him the immaculate Jesus said, approving the uncreeded preacher and his mission: “He was a burning and a shining light.”

A burning light.

John the Baptist was aflame in the service of God. His ardor was vivid, livid, and real. His was a zeal that burned; and his own inherent and consecrated impulses fed the flame of his soul, as oil the lamp. His devotion was all aglow with the consuming fire of his love. His religion was no smouldering lukewarmth; it was the intense glow of a well-fueled furnace at “white heat!” And it circled out in waves of melting power through all the moral atmosphere, infusing itself into the frozen ritualisms of men in beams of arrowy fire, until the dark wilderness ignited, and lighted up in the sweeping blaze!

And a shining light.

Anthracite coal will burn; but it makes no flame. Our bituminous coal burns, and blazes, and makes a light. In a candle, or lamp, or jet of gas, there is a chemical substance that, when on fire, makes illumination. There is burning and there is light. Some souls only smoke and consume,

but do not shine. Passion smoulders a soul into ashes. Its fire gives no light—nothing but a dim blue gloaming and flickering in the darkness. John the Baptist passed through the wilderness, and came out on the home-side toward heaven, kindled by the eternal Source of Light, high and fair as the morning star that preludes the rising sun. His was heavenly light, clear, and free, and broad. It flamed from a center so majestic that no earthly powers could extinguish it. It shone across the summits of profoundest philosophies as sunrise over the Jordan hills. The promises and preaching of him whose only surplice was camel's hair, and whose only hire were locusts and wild honey—the instructions of him whose early and only cry was: "Behold the Lamb of God!"—his fervor, his energy, his enthusiasm—his honesty and heroism in rebuking the king for the sake of the subject—his martyrdom for the new Gospel's cause—all warrant the highest tribute that ever mortal man received: "A burning and a shining light."

Yet, burning and bright as it was, it went out. Its fuel failed. Its heat abated. Its illumination vanished. But every day the morning star pales and retreats before the banners and spears of the conquering sun!

And now we have fair and certain faith to believe that the least in the kingdom of heaven—in the Gospel era of the risen Christ—is greater than the mightiest man of the Hebrew economy—greater than Moses at the Red Sea, greater than Joshua in command of the sun, greater than

David facing Goliath, greater than Daniel in Babylon or in the lion's den. Then surely the language of the text will apply with double significance to every one of the burning and shining lights in the Church of the New Testament — the kingdom of heaven which John so gloriously announced. And when we select such a preëminently endowed minister of the cross as Thomas H. Stockton, and say of him, "He was a burning and a shining light," we honor the servant for the Master's sake, and in the Master's words.

Our departed brother burned with divine love, and shone with lustrous genius and grace. He was called and qualified to preach the everlasting Gospel; and he did his work in the spirit and after the manner of John the Baptist. He, also, was a forerunner. He lived in advance of his age. He flamed out in the wilderness of sectarian bigotry and ecclesiastical monopoly, as did John in the wilderness of ancient Judaism and idolatry. He heralded a better day and a broader light; and he stood alone, poor, strange, unfed and uncomforted by the moneyed populace; alone, as one who must cry out in the wilderness of error and wrong; alone, and content with penury and persecution, feeling the solemn responsibility of proclaiming the one great Christ and the one great Bible as sufficient for the fellowship and efficiency of all the churches, and for the salvation of the world.

The firmament has innumerable stars; but all are compassed as a galaxy in heaven's blue dome, and swing as the

high chandelier of the night. So has the Church its every order and range of lights, from the tiny taper of eventide, that gleams as a firefly and is gone, to the "seven-branched candlestick of gold in the temple ;" but as starlight blends in the heavens, dimly outlining the highways, buildings, rivers and hills of the landscape, so saintlight blends in the churches, sketching spiritual grandeurs and beauties but feebly ; for all theologies and all methodisms must be lighted up *until they disappear*, as stars above and shadows below all scatter in the morning ! We may rejoice in all these burning and shining lights that illuminate the Church below ; for we know, that, as one by one they vanish from our sight, they no more cease to be than the stars whose light is lost in the fuller effulgence of the sun. This burning and shining light, in whose beams we all for a season rejoiced, has passed on and afar in its high orbit, a celestial itinerant, to shine forever in glorious luster in a heavenly place in Christ Jesus !

"Ye were willing for a season to rejoice in his light." How significant these words ! For a time, when Thomas H. Stockton was vigorous and popular as an orator—when he stood without a rival in the American pulpit—when his voice was clear and his form erect—the multitudes crowded to hear the master of rhetoric and elocution. He moved massive congregations as the wind moves the trees of the forest, or the euroclydon the billows of the sea. His teachings were accepted by all denominations as orthodox, time

ly, and practical. But, when it came to the test of letting go the sect and taking hold of Christ in evangelism; closing the creed and opening the Bible; communing at the table and commingling before and after, as one family of the Lord—then professors of religion began to frown out of the rejoicing light, and lapse back into cloister clans and classes, as *this* 'ISTS, *that* 'ITES; and the *other* 'ARIANS; and to forget the glowing words of him who heralded the unfold brotherhood of men in Jesus, the one Christ of God. But, as Dr. Krauth generously remarked at the coffin side of the silent Stockton: "He was a sower; not a reaper." His interpretations of Scriptural society and Christian agency are beginning to find utterance in thousands of pulpits; and abroad, among all people, they meet amen responses. He who sowed in tears, in this world, has already begun to reap in joy in the harvest fields of eternity. The different denominations are nearer together, and in warmer sympathy, to-day, than if Stockton had never lived. His work is broader, deeper, and more enduring than if he had achieved mere local success in crystalizing a single congregation or denomination into the brightest form. He has excited the Christian world to unity of effort and to liberality of love.

It was my intention, in this discourse, to speak of Thomas H. Stockton as a *citizen*, than whom a more union-loving, brother-helping patriot never breathed or voted; as a *reformer*, whose mind and heart were always enlisted in the freedom, culture, and happiness of all mankind; as a

philosopher, who entered and explored fields of scientific thought where only mental giants dared to venture ; as a *theologian*, whose key to spiritual mysteries was his all-adjusting Bible ; as a *poet*, the rhythm of whose language was but an echo of the eternal anthem that chanted through the chambers of his soul ; as a *father*, the tenderness of whose love and the wisdom of whose counsels are best expressed in the filial and affectionate lives of his children. But time permits me, now, only to speak of him as a *preacher* ; and to relate *the manner of the preacher's death*.

Some of you have heard him, occasionally, in this pulpit,* as I have often in another. Your conception of him is already beyond the range of my description.

As a preacher, he was distinguished by *originality*. He was true to his own individualism and to his subject. He had an intellect that saw the deep things of the Word, and an imagination to picture them as they appeared. His emotional nature gave musical cadence, and his honest impulses gave thrilling emphasis to all his words. The grand old things of the Gospel burst from his lips in new forms and phases, individualized and adapted to the heart-wants of the people. His eye, his hand, his whole body were made to preach, in accord with his heavenly thought and matchless voice, the Gospel of redeeming grace.

* The last time he preached in Pittsburgh was during the summer of 1863, and his theme *The Bible*.

He was a *Scriptural* preacher. Not that he quoted largely the phraseology of Scripture, or cited passages by announcing chapter and verse. He was neither a letterist nor a literalist. His winged soul would make its own cycles. He stripped his text of all that was local, traditional, or circumstantial, and eliminated the inspired idea; and he forced that divine point, single, glittering and sharp, into the consciences of the people. He cared but little for the preferences of the schools or doctors; and men who heard him would not soon be found quibbling about doctrinal distinctions or theological abstractions, but wondering, rather, at the glorious things which heaven reveals to earth. How strange that "his very Scripturalness should have given rise to the only suspicions that ever ventured to breathe of his heresy!" But Scribes and Pharisees shrugged their phylacteried shoulders at the Lord of Glory! "As nature is to art, so is the Bible to human systems—a thousand times greater, grander and more divine." Stockton's sermons were not the verbal exegesis of creed and college; but a carving and fitting of human hearts to the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. He brought the Bible, wide open, to the people's gaze, and pointed out *there* the words of Eternal Life. He would not be trammelled by theological or ecclesiastical systems of saving men. The truth he presented was unalloyed, and so keenly felt to be true as not to be measured afterward by a human standard. A man receiving it would as soon have thought of fixing a gas-meter to the sun, or of

plaiting a candle-wick for the evening star, as of sectarianizing the utterance of such a minister. It was fixed on the conscience where the Holy Spirit intended ; and the wonder was that it had been so long obscured and neglected.

He was a *dignified* preacher. His tall, spare form, always neatly appareled ; his large, lustrous blue eye ; his silken, snowy hair ; his thin, pale face ; his high, expansive forehead, smooth as and almost as white as Parian marble ; his long arm, and slender hand and fingers—all so accorded with the unearthly grandeur of his thoughts as to hold an audience in rapt solemnity and awe. Once seeing him in the pulpit, any minister must ever after consider it the most dignified place for human footstep under the sun, and enter there with reverence and humility. This remarkable man could thrill a congregation and command serious attention by a single leisurely turning of his eye across the room. He never seemed in haste, he was never confused, he never wearied the people. There never was any frivolous conversation in aisle or vestibule by those passing out from beneath his benediction.

He was an *eloquent* preacher. This word, more than any other, has been associated with Stockton's name. Henry Clay, himself a prince of orators, pronounced him the most eloquent man in America. President Lincoln said he had never heard such an utterance from mortal lips as Stockton's prayer at the dedication of the soldiers' cemetery at Gettysburg ; and to the influence of that prayer he at-

tributed a deep awakening in his own breast. Not only his language, but his whole life, even his silence, was eloquent. There was eloquence in his movements, in his conversation, in his looks. His smile was eloquent; his tears were eloquent; his very infirmity of body was eloquent. But when he was excited, illuminated, when his eyes flashed, and his cheeks glowed, and his tongue was on fire, oh! what enrapturing, irresistible appeals surged against the hearts of the listening people *then!* He prepared his sermons thoroughly, and studied their phraseology well; but his great thoughts always found ready expression, and his sublimest strains are believed to have been entirely extemporaneous. "His was the eloquence of soul, not of syntax; and hence it was in his glistening eye, in his quivering lip, and in those outstretched arms, which sometimes appeared, when the afflatus was upon him, as the pinions of an angel bearing him away into mystic scenes which thought had spread out to his vision." His voice and gesticulation, however intense, were never extravagant or affected. All this marvelous influence was, to him, easy, graceful, and natural. And, with all his conscious power, he was humble as a little child. Indeed, his meekness and modesty were thus made to be the most eloquent forces in his character. He lost himself in the infinite Christ whom he preached.

Best of all, he was an *effectual* preacher. His words were not in vain in the Lord. A preacher may be original, but cold; Scriptural, but callous; dignified, but dull; elo-

quent, but effeminate. Stockton had these positive traits without the negative ; and, beyond all, he was so possessed of the Holy Spirit when he preached that every gift was sanctified, intensified, and every utterance blest. He preached "Christ and the power of his resurrection" in all places and at all times, and the truth reached the minds and hearts of all classes of men. By his instrumentality, hundreds and thousands were converted, and are now in heaven ; while many more still linger, faithful and true, in the various church-folds on earth, deeply imbued with the liberal spirit of the preacher by whom they were pointed to Christ, and by whose agency, owned of the Most High, they were freed from their sins. Of all seals to the work of the ministry, this is the most divine, the brightest, the best : it accomplished the salvation of souls, and set the saved people to work for their fellow immortals around them. Truly, as a preacher, Thomas H. Stockton was "a burning and a shining light."

Now, how did he die ?

Just as he had lived—in the Lord ; and forever blessed is he ! The last record but one, by his own hand, in his journal (which he had kept for thirty years) is this : "All I can say just now is, that, if I die, I wish to die as a Christian : nothing more, nothing less—a Christian, an humble disciple of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ ; to be acknowledged by him, I trust, through grace (whether by men or not), as the brother, however unworthy, of

every other Christian on earth or in heaven. As such, I hope to be a joint-heir with Him, and so with them, in attainment and enjoyment of the absolute and immortal perfections, the infinite felicities of eternal life. I repeat my conviction that all that God is to man, He is in Christ, and all that man is to God, he is in Christ. So that 'Christ is all and in all'—all of God to all His people."

This that follows is his own last writing: "So still I wait. It seems nothing more can be done than they are doing. . . . Once more, therefore, I here resign myself entirely unto thy mercy, in Christ Jesus, O thou God of my salvation! For myself, my children, and relatives, my friends generally, as for the Church and for all men, I have no higher hope, no other prayer, than that Thy will be done, O Lord! forever. Amen."

He had looked toward August 10th, the anniversary of his mother's death, and again to September 16th, the anniversary of his wife's death, with special interest, thinking, perhaps, the Lord would permit him to die on one or the other of these days, and so to cause a kind of family surprise re-union in heaven. As the latter day was passing away, he had his son write for him at the close of the page which he had previously dictated, after referring to his desire as stated: "But it is all right. I gratefully and quietly submit. All is right."

One day, when raised up in bed from a severe struggle, from which, for a time, it was doubtful whether he could

recover, he said, in the midst of it: "This is the way it will come, you see. If it should come now, or in any of these struggles, the very first thing you do will be to thank God that it is over so easy. By all means, instead of grieving, be thankful. . . . Don't grieve or be worried, nor wish the doctor had been here. It's all right as it is."

At another time, he awoke suddenly from a sleep which was so quiet as to cause his watching children to entertain fears that he might never awake in this world, and said, so sweetly:

"And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For His redeeming grace."

He afterward quoted a score or more of hymns and poems. Among them, the following, which he pronounced as one of the most handsomely turned sentences he had ever met:

"Time will subdue.
What will not time subdue?"

Again:

"In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a helpless worm redeem?
'Tis only Jesus by his blood
Can raise a sinking soul to God!

"Jesus, my only hope Thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart.
Oh! could I catch a smile from thee,
And drop into eternity!"

A few days later, he said : " There are three passages of Scripture that are of particular interest, as expressing at different times my condition. The first is this :

" ' What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee. '

" ' Then I got on so I could say :

" ' *I will trust in the Lord and not be afraid.* '

" And then I got on further, until I can now say :

" ' TRUST IN THE LORD FOREVER, FOR IN THE LORD
JEHOVAH IS EVERLASTING STRENGTH. ' "

Another time : " I tell you, my son, that I am very near the end. I must have the doctor's candid opinion, to-night ; and if he says it is so, I will say : ' Thank the Lord ! ' ' The sting of death is sin ; the strength of sin is the law. But thanks be unto God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ ! ' ' There is no sting in death to me. That is all taken away, and now the victory is mine ! "

Still later, these are his words : " O my ! How I desire, and how my desires do increase, to know things as they are ; to be at the center of all intelligence, and understand all the truths in nature, providence, and grace ; to see my Saviour as he is ! "

" Oh ! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul would stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as she passed. "

Again, to his skillful, devoted, and truly Christian phy-

sician, Dr. William Stiles, who for years had been a bosom friend, he said: "I am approaching the moment which I have always considered of the greatest importance—extinction, or continuance of being.

"Philosophy says—Extinction!

"Infidelity says—Extinction!

"Sense says—Extinction!

"Faith says—*Immortality*!

"Religion says—**IMMORTALITY**!

"Christianity says—**IMMORTALITY**!

"One thing is certain, something has always been: something continues to exist. If the individual falls, life still continues in the race. Infidelity can't gainsay this."

Then, again, with assurance: "I am going to see the grandest thing in the universe, 'The light of the knowledge of the glory of God, shining in the face of Christ Jesus our Lord!'"

Among his last utterances was this passage from St. Paul's second letter to Timothy: "I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight; I have finished my course; I have kept the faith." "Yes," said the dying man, thoughtfully and slow, "I have fought the fight, but not perfectly; I have run my race, but not well; I have kept the faith, yes"—brightening up and smiling, and emphasizing every syllable—"I have kept the faith, against men and all opposition. Oh! I have kept the faith—that is the banner; I have held

fast to that, and now I trust I shall receive the crown of glory!"

Peacefully, on the evening of the ninth of October, 1868, holding the hand of his son, and with three of his daughters around him, he fell asleep.

"Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes."

A touching incident—one which I never shall forget—was that at his funeral service in the Church of the New Testament: After the great company had slowly passed by his remains, to take a last fond look at his beloved countenance, and when the lid of the coffin was about to be adjusted to its place, a crippled Jew, leaning on the arm of a stalwart colored man, came forward, with tearful eyes, to gaze once more upon the pale face of the Christian minister. Behold how *they* loved him! The lingering congregation were deeply affected by this singular but significant circumstance. The departed had so lived and preached as to win the esteem of all sects and parties, and of all complexions of men; and these two humble representatives of outcast races from church and state, by this sorrowful tribute, thrilled new gospel to the hearts of many who witnessed the scene.

"Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;

Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ, their Head."

The frail earthly tabernacle of Thomas H. Stockton rests beneath the falling willow-leaves in Mount Moriah. There the chill-damps of death gather over his brow. There his mortal body shall dissolve to its native dust.

But that great spirit has soared above the starry skies to the invisible heavens of glory—to the many-mansioned house of the redeemed, to rejoice in the immediate presence of God and his Christ forever. May we meet him there, at last, where the Eternal Father manifests the fullness of his love in realms of perfect spiritual life !

"Can that man be dead
Whose spiritual influence is upon his kind ?
He lives in glory ; and his speaking dust
Has more of life than half its breathing moulds."

This thrilling theme will linger in our hearts and on our lips. It is so hard to turn away from the grave and leave *him* there—to go back to our homes and altars, feeling that his form has passed away, and that his voice is hushed forever in this world where comforters and counsellors are few, and where so many hearts are weary. But his own ecstatic "Midnight Rapture" shall be our psalm of consolation, until the heavenly morning dawn, when we shall hail him in the light ! In the words of his own exultation for another, so respond our souls in sacred farewells to him :

"Amen !

The will of God be done !
He calls the beautiful away,
To worship at the throne.
The beautiful in soul,
The saintly and the good,
The sinner freed from sin's control,
Washed in redeeming blood.
God calls the holy one away ;
With crown of light,
And vestments bright,
To walk amidst the bloom of everlasting day.

"Amen !

The dream of life is past !
Oh ! what a maze of mingling hues,
Far backward, melts at last !
And what a roar of sounds—
Gay laugh and chilling wail ;
Like thunder on the sunset bounds,
Now, like a dying gale :
The voices, and the rainbow hues,
They faint, they fade,
The flight is made :
To thee, O mocking earth ! no more the spirit sues.

"Amen !

An onward verge of light !
Landscape uncursed and cloudless skies !
Fair groups in robes of white !
And coming voices bland,
Of melody and bliss ;
The pressure of an angel's hand,
The warmth of saintly kiss ;
A deathless world with nightless skies :
Beauty and Youth,
And Love and Truth,
O blest exchange, for all that lives, of all that dies !

Memory's Tribute.

“ Amen !

The vision of the blest !

The sweetness of the Saviour's voice !

The happiness of rest !

The majesty divine,

In solar pomp serene :

From whose far rays, all suns that shine

Their golden glories glean !

O loved of heaven ! lift up thy voice

With kindred tongues,

Unite thy songs,

Or, rapt in silent praise, in God alone rejoice !”

REMARKS

OF THE REV. WILLIAM COLLIER, D.D.,

Supplementary to the Memorial Discourse.

Our deceased friend and brother, in his lifetime, wished to be known and called only by the name his parents gave him. Hence, he declined the honors conferred by a respectable college, and seemed to be afflicted when addressed by titles of distinction. He loved, however, to be called Brother. He was a Brother indeed: kind, sympathetic, confiding, and, in an eminent degree, trustworthy. In every phase in which we view his fraternal relations to his ministerial and lay associates, we see him the same frank, upright and affectionate Brother. His integrity to his religious principles, and his fidelity to whatever was committed to his trust, are acknowledged by all who knew him. Who could know him and not love him?

He and I entered the ministry about the same time, and became members of the Maryland Conference of the Methodist Protestant Church. Our fields of pastoral labor being remote from each other, I did not make his acquaintance until the year 1831. I had heard of his fame from the sea-board, while I was preaching along the eastern range

of the Allegheny Mountains, and desired greatly to see and hear the gifted man. At length I was gratified. But judge of my surprise, when, contrary to all my ideas of his personal appearance, there stood Stockton, tall, slender, the mere shadow of a man, with scarcely flesh enough to cover his wonderful mind. My joy and admiration in hearing his sweetly-flowing eloquence, and the gracious words and heavenly doctrines which fell from his lips, were disturbed by the thought, that like Kirke White, Pollok, and McCheyne, he would find a premature grave.

Brother Stockton was himself impressed with the conviction that his career would be short. To use one of his own illustrations, "He seemed as frail as the flower that trembles on the hill-side."

At the Maryland Conference, held in Georgetown, D. C., in 1832, he was appointed to preach the opening sermon at its next Annual Session. After the action of appointment had passed, he arose and responded in a most solemn and affecting manner, saying, that it would afford him great pleasure to comply with the request of the Conference, if he should be living, and his health would permit; "but," said he, "I am now so feeble that I can scarcely hope to live so long." Then taking hold of the lapel of his coat, his eyes suffused with tears, he continued, "When I get a new coat, I feel as if it were the last I should ever need."—Stockton wept. Indeed we all wept, that one so young, so lovely, so promising, should, to all human view, be so

soon removed from that little struggling Conference band which esteemed him so much. But how untimely his tears and our sorrow ! He lived long enough to outlive all, save four, of the twenty-three ministerial members of that Conference, and most if not all of the lay delegates then in attendance. The only survivors, so far as I can learn, are the Rev. Augustus Webster, D.D., the Rev. Daniel E. Reese, and myself,—all then young men, now old, and following our beloved companions in ministerial toil, with rapid steps. Not long, and those that survive us will say of the Maryland Conference of 1832, “They are all gone.”

My strongest wishes now, are, that I may die as Stockton died : that I may have the same unruffled confidence, the same unshaken faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, the same victory over death ;—that I may say, as we have to-day heard of him as saying so exultingly in the last hour : “Thanks be unto God who giveth us the **VICTORY** through our Lord Jesus Christ !” Amen.

[The following lines were written some thirty years ago, by AMELIA WELBY, and are generally supposed to be a tribute to Thos. H. Stockton.]

PULPIT ELOQUENCE.

THE day was declining—the breeze in its glee
Had left the fair blossoms to sing on the sea,
As the sun in its gorgeousness, radiant and still,
Dropped down like a gem from the brow of the hill ;
One tremulous star, in the glory of June,
Came out with a smile and sat down by the moon,
As she graced her blue throne with the pride of a queen,
The smiles of her loveliness gladdening the scene.

The scene was enchanting ! in distance away
Rolled the foam-crested waves of the Chesapeake bay,
While bathed in the moonlight, the village was seen,
With the church in the distance, that stood on the green,
The soft-sloping meadows lay brightly unrolled
With their mantles of verdure and blossoms of gold
And the earth in her beauty, forgetting to grieve,
Lay asleep in her bloom on the bosom of eve.

A light-hearted child, I had wandered away
From the spot where my footsteps had gamboled all day ;
And free, as a bird's, was the song of my soul,
As I heard the wild waters exultingly roll,

While, lightening my heart as I sported along
With bursts of low laughter and snatches of song,
I struck in the pathway half-worn o'er the sod
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

As I traced its green windings a murmur of prayer
With the hymn of the worshipers rose on the air ;
And, drawn by the links of its sweetness along,
I stood unobserved in the midst of the throng ;
For awhile my young spirit still wandered about
With the birds, and the winds, that were singing without,
But birds, waves and zephyrs, were quickly forgot
In one angel-like being that brightened the spot.

In stature majestic, apart from the throng
He stood in his beauty, the theme of my song !
His cheek pale with fervor—the blue orbs above
Lit up with the splendors of youth and of love ;
Yet the heart-glowing raptures, that beamed from those eyes,
Seemed saddened by sorrows, and chastened by sighs,
As if the young heart in its bloom had grown cold
With its loves unrequited, its sorrows untold.

Such language as his I may never recall ;
But his theme was salvation—salvation to all ;
And the souls of a thousand in ecstasy hung
On the manna-like sweetness that dropped from his tongue ;

Not alone on the ear his wild eloquence stole,
Enforced by each gesture it sank to the soul,
Till it seemed that an angel had brightened the sod
And brought to each bosom a message from God.

He spoke of the Saviour : What pictures he drew !
The scene of His sufferings rose clear on my view—
The cross—the rude cross where He suffered and died,
The gush of bright crimson that flowed from His side,
The cup of His sorrows, the wormwood and gall,
The darkness that mantled the earth as a pall,
The garland of thorns, and the demon-like crews,
Who knelt as they scoffed Him—"Hail, King of the Jews !"

He spoke, and it seemed that his statue-like form
Expanded and glowed as his spirit grew warm—
His tone so impassioned, so melting his air,
As, touched with compassion, he ended in prayer ;
His hands clasped above him, his blue orbs upthrown,
Still pleading for sins that were never his own,
While that mouth, where such sweetness ineffable clung,
Still spoke, though expression had died on his tongue.

O God ! what emotions the preacher awoke !
A mortal he seemed—yet a deity spoke ;
A man—yet so far from humanity riven !
On earth—yet so closely connected with heaven !

How oft in my fancy I've pictured him there,
As he stood in that triumph of passion and prayer,
With his eyes closed in rapture—their transient eclipse
Made bright by the smiles that illumined his lips.

There 's a charm in delivery, a magical art,
That thrills, like a kiss, from the lip to the heart ;
'Tis the glance, the expression, the well-chosen word,
By whose magic the depths of the spirit are stirred,
The smile, the mute gesture, the soul-startling pause,
The eye's sweet expression, that melts while it awes,—
The lip's soft persuasion—its musical tone—
Oh such was the charm of that eloquent one !

The time is long past, yet how clearly defined
That bay, church and village, float up on my mind !
I see amid azure the moon in her pride,
With the sweet little trembler, that sat by her side ;
I hear the blue waves, as she wanders along,
Leap up in their gladness and sing her a song ;
And I tread in the pathway half-worn o'er the sod
By the feet that went up to the worship of God.

The time is long past, yet what visions I see !
The past, the dim past, is the present to me ;
I am standing once more 'mid that heart-stricken throng,
A vision floats up—'tis the theme of my song :

All glorious and bright as a spirit of air,
The light like a halo encircling his hair—
As I catch the same accents of sweetness and love,
He whispers of Jesus, and points us above.

How sweet to my heart is the picture I've traced !
Its chain of bright fancies seemed almost effaced,
Till memory, the fond one, that sits in the soul,
Took up the frail links, and connected the whole ;
As the dew to the blossom, the bud to the bee,
As the scent to the rose, are those memories to me ;
Round the chords of my heart they have tremblingly clung,
And the echo it gives is the song I have sung.

IN MEMORIAM.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF THOS. H. STOCKTON.

BY WILLIAM RINEHART.

Who that has heard thee, from the sacred stand,
Proclaim the everlasting truth of God
With eloquence sublime, and has not felt
His inmost soul to its foundation stirred,
And all his thoughts directed heavenward !
How often in the sanctuary, beneath
Its heavenly droppings, have we sat,
List'ning to thy teachings, thou holy
Man of God ! * * * * *
How silent now the tongue that oft proclaimed
God's love and mercy unto *all* mankind,
Thrilling the hearts of multitudes that throng'd
And press'd to hear thee !

How still the heart
That once beat high with holy rapture, as
Thou stoodst between the living and the dead,
Pleading for sinners at the mercy seat,
In melting tones of love !

How dull and glazed
In death, those lustrous eyes, erewhile that beam'd
With love almost divine, to every soul
Of wretched man !

Ah who that ever saw thee
Can forget thy venerable form,
Thy countenance lit up with heavenly fires,
Thy hoary locks, whitened with the frosts
Of premature decay ! * * * *
The grave can only hold thy fragile form,
Thy spirit, disenthral'd, has left in glory
The dark and gloomy confines of the tomb,
Soaring away, far, far from earth's turmoils
And cares, to realms of everlasting joy !
Thy peaceful soul, triumphant, now has found
In heaven, that "Rock of Ages cleft for thee !" *
We'll never see thee more this side eternity,
Nor hear the music of thy voice again,
Thrilling our souls with joy unspeakable !
Oh, what a victory has death achieved !
How mighty is the fallen ! * * *
Thy race is run ! the victor's crown is thine !
Thanks be to God Who gave thee victory,
Through Jesus Christ our Lord !
We'll strive to follow thee, thou faithful one !
We long, with joyful hearts, to see the stars,
Bright jewels in the crown of thy rejoicing !

PITTSBURGH, *Nov.* 14, 1868.

THOMAS H. STOCKTON'S PRAYER

AT THE

DEDICATION OF THE NATIONAL CEMETERY AT GETTYSBURG,

Thursday, November 19th, 1863.

O GOD our Father, for the sake of Thy Son our Saviour, inspire us with Thy Spirit, and sanctify us to the right fulfillment of the duties of this occasion.

We come to dedicate this new historic center as a National Cemetery. If all departments of the one Government which Thou hast ordained over our Union, and of the many Governments which Thou hast subordinated to our Union, be here represented ; if all classes, relations, and interests of our blended brotherhood of people stand severally and thoroughly apparent in Thy presence ; we trust that it is because Thou hast called us, that Thy blessing awaits us, and that Thy designs may be embodied in practical results of incalculable and imperishable good.

And so, with Thy holy Apostle, and with the Church of all lands and ages, we unite in the ascription :—
“Blessed be God, even the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Father of mercies, and the God of all comfort, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble, by the comfort wherewith we ourselves are comforted of God.”

In emulation of all angels, in fellowship with all saints,

and in sympathy with all sufferers ; in remembrance of Thy works, in reverence of Thy ways, and in accordance with Thy word ; we laud and magnify Thine infinite perfections, Thy creative glory, Thy redeeming grace, Thy providential goodness, and the progressively richer and fairer developments of Thy supreme, universal, and everlasting administration.

In behalf of all humanity, whose ideal is divine, whose first memory is Thine image lost, and whose last hope is Thine image restored ; and especially of our own nation, whose history has been so favored, whose position is so peerless, whose mission is so sublime, and whose future is so attractive ; we thank Thee for the unspeakable patience of Thy compassion and the exceeding greatness of Thy loving kindness. In contemplation of Eden, Calvary, and Heaven ; of Christ in the Garden, on the Cross, and on the Throne ; nay, more, of Christ as coming again in all-subduing power and glory ; we gratefully prolong our homage. By this Altar of Sacrifice, on this Field of Deliverance, on this Mount of Salvation, within the fiery and bloody lines of these "munitions of rocks," looking back to the dark days of fear and trembling, and to the rapture of relief that came after ; we multiply our thanksgivings, and confess our obligations to renew and perfect our personal and social consecration to Thy service and glory.

Oh, had it not been for God ! For lo ! our enemies—they came unresisted, multitudinous, mighty, flushed with

victory, and sure of success. They exulted on our mountains, they reveled in our valleys; they feasted, they rested; they slept, they awaked; they grew stronger, prouder, bolder every day; they spread abroad, they concentrated here; they looked beyond this horizon to the stores of wealth, to the haunts of pleasure, and to the seats of power, in our Capital and chief cities. They prepared to cast the chain of Slavery around the form of Freedom, binding life and death together forever. Their premature triumph was the mockery of God and man. One more victory, and all was theirs! But, behind these hills was heard the feebleness of a smaller but still pursuing host. Onward they hurried, day and night, for God and their country. Foot-sore, way-worn, hungry, thirsty, faint—but not in heart, they came to dare all, to bear all, and to do all, that is possible to heroes. And Thou didst sustain them! At first they met the blast on the plain, and bent before it, like the trees in a storm. But then, led by Thy hand to these hills, they took their stand upon the rocks and remained as firm and immovable as they. In vain were they assaulted. All art, all violence, all desperation, failed to dislodge them. Baffled, bruised, broken, their enemies recoiled, retired, and disappeared. Glory to God, for this rescue! But, Oh, the slain! In the freshness and fullness of their young and manly life; with such sweet memories of father and mother, brother and sister, wife and children, maiden and friends; they died for us. From the coasts beneath the Eastern

star, from the shores of Northern lakes and rivers, from the flowers of Western prairies, and from the homes of the Midway, and the Border, they came here to die for us and for mankind. Alas ! how little we can do for them ! We come with the humility of prayer, with the pathetic eloquence of venerable wisdom, with the tender beauty of poetry, with the plaintive harmony of music, with the honest tribute of our Chief Magistrate, and with all this honorable attendance : but our best hope is in Thy blessing, O Lord, our God ! O Father, bless us ! Bless the bereaved, whether present, or absent ; bless our sick and wounded soldiers and sailors ; bless all our rulers and people ; bless our army and navy ; bless the efforts for the suppression of the rebellion ; and bless all the associations of this day, and place, and scene, forever. As the trees are not dead, though their foliage is gone, so our heroes are not dead, though their forms have fallen. The spirit of their example is here. It fills the air ; it fills our hearts. And, long as time shall last, it will hover in these skies, and rest on this landscape ; and the pilgrims of our own land, and from all lands, will thrill with its inspiration and increase and confirm their devotion to liberty, religion and God.

Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed by Thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread, and forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil ; for Thine is the kingdom, the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

[*From the Methodist Recorder.*]

A REMINISCENCE OF THE LATE REV.
T. H. STOCKTON.

Professor McCabe, of the Ohio Wesleyan University, has kindly responded to a request, to furnish a sketch respecting the address of Brother Stockton, at the Annual Commencement of that Institution, in July, 1862. He was then Chaplain of the National House of Representatives, and met his engagement at Delaware, almost directly upon the adjournment of Congress. Our friend gives in unmistakable terms his impressions of the deceased, and presents us a valuable reminiscence, for which we are thankful to him, and which we take pleasure in handing to the Editor for publication, if he see good.

A. H. B.

OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY,
Delaware, O., Nov. 26, 1868.

“REV. A. H. BASSETT—*My Dear Sir* :—I feel that you have done me a great favor in asking me to linger in the presence of that great and good man. I can recall no minister, no Christian, that more deeply or more usefully impresses me. He seemed to me to be in truth a very

great man, and an orator whose eloquence approached the divine ; but I saw in the heights and depths of his soul more to admire, more at which to wonder. Indeed, I was charmed with the seraphic purity of his spirit. Of all the Christians I ever knew, I remember none that seemed to me to be more deeply and variously experienced in the religion of Jesus Christ.

“Of all the ministers I have ever met, I can think of no one who impressed me as more divine, or more unworldly. He allowed me to approach him very intimately, and I looked all over his great, deep, clear, pure soul. I saw there no ambition, resentment or jealousies, no limitations, desires of vain glory, or murmurings over his long life of pain. Place—fame—authority—all seemed to him as they must appear to glorified spirits. If such things came unsought in the order of Divine Providence, and in the line of imperative duty, he willingly used them solely for the glory of his Master. But to seek such things, actuated by selfishness, was to him an impossibility. It was refreshing to meet a great soul, doing the work and suffering the woes divinely appointed, full of God, full of joy, and full of hope of that immensity of immortality so soon to break upon him. To Dr. Stockton, the gates of the Eternal City seemed ever to be in full view. All, therefore, earth had to promise him seemed to him to be but chaff which the wind might blow about whithersoever it listeth. He did not like noise and *éclat*. He did not tread the stage

of life with a clamorous foot, but his life was intensely in earnest. When I looked upon him, I was filled with emotions of ineffable joy. I trust that when he ascended like Elijah (of whom he always reminded me), in his chariot of fire, that his hallowed mantle fell upon thousands of his brethren in the ministry of the glorious Gospel of the grace of God.

“You refer to his visit to Delaware, Ohio. Those who were permitted to hear his address before the Zettagathean Society of the Ohio Wesleyan University in the year 1862, can never forget it. His theme was, “Materialism *versus* Spiritualism.” He advanced at once, to a tremendous assault upon the strongholds of Infidelity. His argument was overwhelming. He delivered it sitting in his chair, for he was too feeble to stand, and while speaking, he seemed himself a living illustration of the truth he uttered. No better could possibly have been given. When he first took his seat, you saw only his frail body, his pallid countenance, his thin, white hair, his bent form, and your sympathies were fully aroused for him, and your fears were excited lest the effort would prove too much for his failing strength. But when he began to speak, and his great soul girded itself for the task before him, then he looked the conqueror. Your pity was changed into longings to be like him. Never have I witnessed a greater triumph of the spiritual over the material.

“Towards the close of his address, after announcing the

grandest propositions which unassisted human reason had ever demonstrated, he dwelt for a moment upon the axioms of the Cartesian Philosophy, such as, I walk, therefore I am. I see, therefore I am. Then lifting his eyes heavenward, a light that we trembled to see, beaming from them, he uttered that glorious axiom of Christian Philosophy, '*I think—therefore I am a spirit.*' That, therefore, it still seems to me, was the most eloquent utterance I ever heard from human lips. It was more than a mere utterance, it was a triumphant *shout*. It was the hallelujah of a pardoned, sanctified, satisfied, and well-nigh glorified spirit. And that gaze into the heavens! It was long and loving, like that of the Apostles after their ascending Lord; only this seemed to be an expectant look for His instant coming. The cry was suppressed at the door of many lips, 'My Father! my Father! the chariots of Israel and the horsemen thereof.'

"When he turned his countenance upon us again, the radiant hues of immortal youth were playing upon it, and his soul seemed to be uttering its farewell to the frail body it was so soon to leave.

" 'If I have ever caused thee pain,
The throbbing brow, the burning brain;
With cares and vigils made thee pale,
Or mocked thee when thy strength did fail,
Forgive, forgive, thy task doth cease,
Friend, lover, let us part in peace.
If thou didst ever check my force,
Or trifling stay my upward course,

Or lured from heaven my wavering trust,
Or bowed my drooping wing to dust,
I blame thee not, thy task is done.
I knew thou wert the weaker one—
The vase of earth, the trembling clod
Constrained to hold the breath of God.'

"When he broke the silence, he addressed the discomfited champion of Materialism, whom he had all along imagined before him, and said, piteously, 'What did you expect? Did you think to surprise the Great Artificer somewhere in the mighty Laboratory of his Universe, with sunbeam staff, and starry crown, and garment fringed with fire, pale and ghostly, walking amid the hosts of heaven like a shepherd amid his flocks?'

"His peroration I dare not attempt to give from memory. Its impression, however, will endure forever. He conducted a soul from the place of pardon, on through all its varied experiences, until with palm, and harp, and crown, it stood rejoicing before the throne of God. Then for a time we lingered with him on the Mount; and to some the visions of that day were as a glory set before them, for which they endured the cross, despised the shame, and are now set down on the right hand of God; and to-day they join with him in singing unto Him that loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood: and hath made us kings and priests unto God. Unto Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.

"L. D. McCABE."

[*From the Methodist Home Journal.*]

EULOGY.

BY THE REV. J. WALKER JACKSON.

PASTOR GREEN STREET M. E. CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

IN the felt presence of death, there was in this man an intense love of life, a wondrous sympathy with its forms and manifestations of

“ Forests and gardens with their tribes of life ;
Of hills and dales ; oceans and all their streams ;
Of glowing sun, blue heavens, and moon and stars ;
And *man* with all his works, towers, towns and navies,
His music, painting, sculpture, and his lore.”

Keenly alive through the delicacy and sensitiveness of his mental conformation to the charms that “bloom and breathe around,” and yet haunted in early manhood with “dismal forebodings that the lovely flowers which seem so fragile” shall outlast his threatened life.

Clinging to life—even though he knew that he must suffer and sorrow on, every step upon painful, piercing thorns of sickness and attendant griefs ! Imagine not that he shrank from death, through that fear subjecting us to bondage, from which Christ delivers, through the redemption in His blood even the forgiveness of sins. No ! it was the bliss of living, with the consciousness of a capacity and a desire to use his life-powers well, with vast plans of usefulness thronging the mind, the knowledge that perfection of

character is slow of attainment, and that we must have time to attain it. What ! shall we be arrested in the middle of our life's plans ? Shall time grudge us to finish what we have begun ? The thing seems out of all reason, that the darkness of sudden eclipse should anticipate the natural closing of life's day, that ere the illusions of youth have vanished, and our hopes grown cold, death should cut us off to lie in cold obstruction, and to rot.

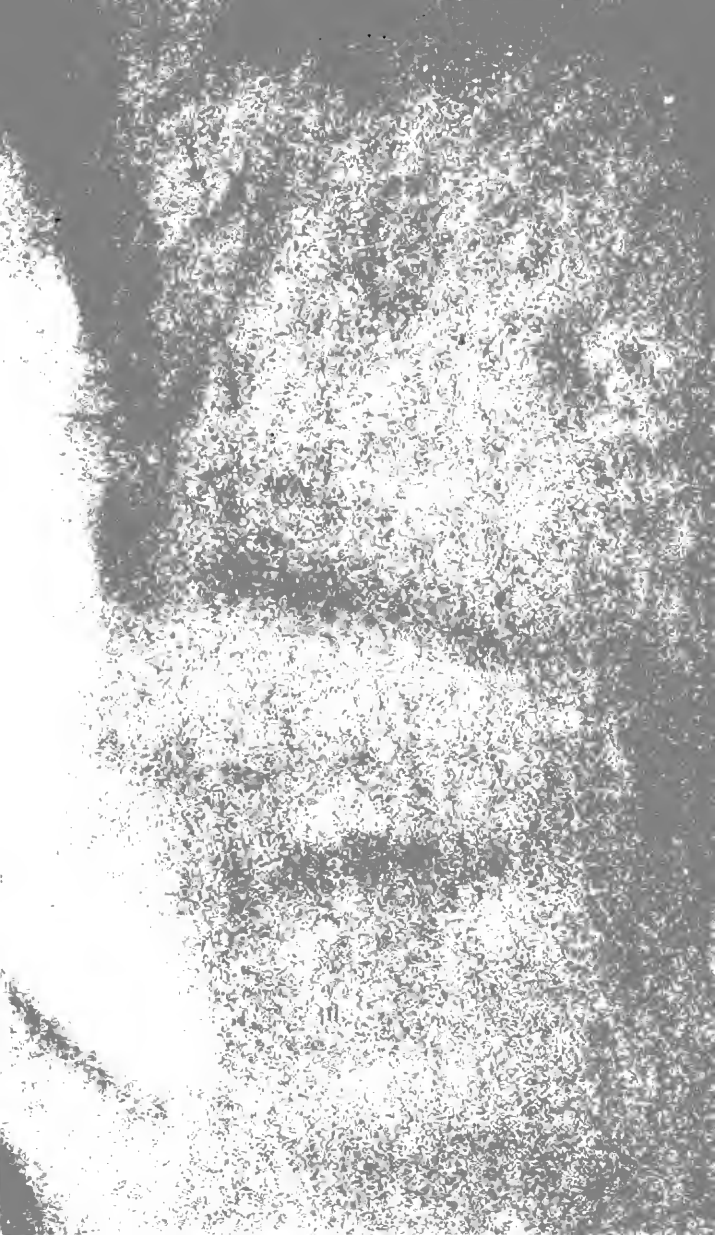
He had a man's interest in earth's conflicts, although he looked as unearthly as a spirit revisiting the pale glimpses of the moon, he was a manly man, and whatever concerned manhood concerned him ; he had a Christian man's interest in the world's redemption from strife and wrong. Carrying about with him, during all the years of his life, a body of death, a constant reminder that this was not his abiding place, he had an undecaying, undying interest in all that concerned the bosoms and business of men.

Methinks I see him now, as I have seen him, rising before a vast throng of people. Tall, slender, yet majestic ; graceful in every motion, with a dignity and gravity that awed us into solemn silence, as his large blue eyes rolled in their orbits seeming to visit with a glance each and every auditor.

Hark ! that voice speaking so solemnly, so beautifully, with such correctness of elocution, that each word has its proper relative volume of sound ; with its strange and hitherto unheard sweetness, thrilling your every nerve with an ecstasy like the low murmur of the wind in pine tree tops.







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